They not ſtop a Beere-barrell?
Imperious *Cæſar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.
But ſoft, but ſoft awhile, here comes the King, *Enter King*
The Queen, the Courtiers, who is this they follow? *Quee. Laertes*
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken, *and the corſe.*
The corſe they follow, did with deſprate hand
Foredoo it owne life, 'twas of ſome eſtate,
Couch we a while and marke.
Laer. What Ceremony elſe?
Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, make.
Laer. What Ceremony elſe?
Doct. Her obſequies haue been as far inlarg'd
As we haue warranty, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-ſwayes the order,
She ſhould in ground vnſanctified bin lodg'd
Till the laſt trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles ſhould be throwne on her:
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.
Laer. Muſt there no more be doone?
Doct. No more be doone.
We ſhould prophane the ſernice of the dead,
To ſing a Requiem and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſoules.
Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted fleſh
May Violets ſpring: I tell thee churliſh Prieſt,
A miniſtring Angell ſhall my ſiſter be
When thou lyeſt howling.
Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia.*
Quee. Sweets to the ſweet, farewell,
I hop't thou ſhould'd haue bin my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt ſweet mayd,
And not haue ſtrew'd thy graue.
Laer. O trebble woe

Fall

13 marke 17 commaund 18 been 36 shouldst--been

Fall ten times double on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenious ſence
Depriued thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Til I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your duſt vpon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To retop old *Pelion*, or the skyeſh head
Of blew *Olympus*.
Ham. What is he whoſe griefe
Beares ſuch an *Emphaſis*, whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Coniures the wandring Stars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder wounded hearers? this I
Hamlet the *Dane*.
Laer. The Diuell take thy ſoule,
Ha. Thou pray'ſt not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not ſpleenatiue raſh, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſdome feare; hold off thy hand?
King. Pluck them aſunder,
Quee. Hamlet, Hamlet.
All. Gentlemen.
Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.
Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.
Quee. O my ſonne, what theame?
Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*: forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of loue
Make vp my ſum. What wilt thou doo for her.
King. O he is mad *Laertes.*
Quee. For loue of God forbeare him!
Ham. S'wounds ſhew me what th'out doo:
Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't faſt, woo't teare thy (ſelfe,
Woo't drinke vp Eſill, eat a Crocadile
I'le doo't: dooſt come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quick with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone

12 this is I,